too Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.
Ser. *Man.* Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
as in Shewing in a modell our firme estate, state
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
*Gard.* Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffred this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
plucht Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltshire*, Bushie, Greene.
*Man.* What, are they dead?
*Gard.* They are;
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seizd the wastfull King.
hath not Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And drest his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
superfluous Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
and Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
*Man.* What, thinke you the King shall be deposde?
*Gard.* Depresst he is already, and deposde

T'is